

THE  
ARMY AND NAVY  
HYMN BOOK.

"Righteousness exalteth a nation; but sin is a reproach to any people." *Prov. xix. 34.*

"The nation and kingdom that will not serve thee shall perish: yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." *Isaiah lx. 12.*

"The work of righteousness shall be peace: and the effect of righteousness, quietness and assurance forever." *Isaiah xxxii. 17.*

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**H Y M N S.** *T. R.*

1

S. M. *94-3. 71390*  
*C-74807*

“Watch.” Matt. xxv. 13.

- 1 A CHARGE to keep I have, *no. 5*  
A God to glorify;  
A never dying soul to save,  
And fit it for the sky. *Com*  
*70m*  
*120*  
*454*
- 2 To serve the present age,  
My calling to fulfill,  
O, may it all my powers engage  
To do my Maker's will.
- 3 Arm me with jealous care,  
As in thy sight to live;  
And O, thy servant, Lord, prepare  
A strict account to give.
- 4 Help me to watch and pray,  
And on thyself rely,  
Assured, if I my trust betray,  
I shall forever die.

2

C. M.

“Christ died for our sins.” 1 Cor. xv. 3.

- 1 ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed!  
And did my sovereign die!  
Would he devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?
- 11 A 3 4 11 9*

2. Was it for crimes that I have done,  
 He groaned upon the tree?  
 Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
 And love beyond degree!
3. We'll might the sun in darkness hide  
 And shut his glories in;  
 When Christ, the mighty Maker, died  
 For man the creature's sin.
4. Thus might I hide my blushing face,  
 While his dear cross appears:  
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
 And melt my eyes to tears.
5. But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
 The debt of love I owe;  
 Here, Lord, I give myself away,  
 'Tis all that I can do.

3

C. M.

"King of kings and Lord of lords." Rev. xix. 16

1. ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!  
 Let angels prostrate fall;  
 Bring forth the royal diadem,  
 And crown him Lord of all.
2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race,  
 Ye ransomed from the fall!  
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

3 Sinners, whose love can ne'er forget,  
 The wormwood and the gall;  
 Go, spread your trophies at his feet,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

4 O that with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall,  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all!

4 C. M.

"Being justified freely by his grace." Rom. iii. 24.

1 AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound  
 That saved a wretch like me!  
 I once was lost, but now am found,  
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,  
 And grace my fears relieved:  
 How precious did that grace appear,  
 The hour I first believed.

3 Through many dangers, toils and snares  
 I have already come:  
 'Tis grace that brought me safe thus far,  
 And grace will lead me home.

4 And when this flesh and heart shall fail,  
 And mortal life shall cease,  
 I shall possess, within the veil,  
 A life of joy and peace.

403448

5

C. M.

"Fight the good fight of faith." 1 TIM. vi. 12.

- 1 Am I a soldier of the cross,  
A follower of the Lamb?  
And shall I fear to own his cause,  
Or blush to speak his name?
- 2 Shall I be carried to the skies  
On flowery beds of ease?  
While others fought to win the prize,  
And sailed through bloody seas.
- 3 Are there no foes for me to face,  
Must I not stem the flood?  
Is this vain world a friend to grace,  
To help me on to God?
- 4 Sure I must fight if I would reign,  
Increase my courage, Lord!  
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,  
Supported by thy word.
- 5 Thy saints in all this glorious war  
Shall conquer though they die;  
They see the triumph from afar,  
By faith they bring it nigh.
- 6 When that illustrious day shall rise,  
And all thy armies shine  
In robes of victory through the skies,  
The glory shall be thine.

6

S. M.

"We shall all stand before the judgment seat of Christ." ROMANS xiv. 10.

1 AND will the Judge descend ?

And must the dead arise ?

And not a single soul escape

His all discerning eyes ?

2 How will my heart endure

The terrors of that day,

When earth and heaven before his face

Astonished shrink away ?

3 But ere the trumpet shakes

The mansions of the dead,

Hark ! from the Gospel's cheering sound,

What joyful tidings spread.

4 Ye sinners, seek his grace,

Whose wrath ye cannot bear ;

Fly to the shelter of his cross,

And find salvation there.

7

L. M.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

REV. xiv. 13.

1 ASLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !

From which none ever wake to weep ;

A calm and undisturbed repose,

Unbroken by the last of foes.

- 2 Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet  
To be for such a slumber meet!  
With holy confidence to sing  
That death hath lost its venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest!  
Whose waking is supremely blest;  
No fear, no woe, shall dim that hour  
Which manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me  
May such a blissful refuge be!  
Securely shall my ashes lie,  
And wait the summons from on high.

8

L. M.

"I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning."  
Ps. lix. 16.

- 1 AWAKE my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily course of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part;  
Who all night long unwearied sing,  
"Glory to thee, eternal King."
- 3 Glory to thee, who safe has kept,  
And hast refreshed me while I slept;  
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,  
I may of endless life partake.



- 4 Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;  
 Scatter my sins as morning dew ;  
 Guard my first spring of thought and will,  
 And with thyself my spirit fill.
- 5 Direct, control, suggest this day,  
 All I design, or do, or say,  
 That all my powers, with all their might.  
 In thy sole glory may unite.

## 9 L. M.

“How excellent is thy loving kindness !”

Ps. xxxvi. 7.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,  
 And sing thy great Redeemer's praise,  
 He justly claims a song from thee—  
 His loving kindness, O how free !
- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,  
 Yet loved me, notwithstanding all,  
 He saved me from my lost estate—  
 His loving kindness, O how great !
- 3 Though numerous hosts of mighty foes,  
 Though earth and hell my way oppose,  
 He safely leads my soul along—  
 His loving kindness, O how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,  
 Has gathered thick, and thundered loud,  
 He near my soul has always stood—  
 His loving kindness, O how good !

- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart  
 Prone from my Saviour to depart;  
 But though I oft have him forgot.  
 His loving kindness changes not.
- 6 Soon shall I pass the gloomy vale,  
 Soon all my mortal powers must fail;  
 O! may my last expiring breath  
 His loving kindness sing in death.

10

C. M.

"I press towards the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." PHIL. iii. 14.

- 1 AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigor on:  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around  
 Hold thee in full survey;  
 Forget the steps already trod,  
 And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all animating voice,  
 That calls thee from on high,  
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize  
 To thine uplifted eye.
- 4 Then wake, my soul, stretch every nerve,  
 And press with vigor on;  
 A heavenly race demands thy zeal,  
 And an immortal crown.

11

L. M.

“Behold, I stand at the door and knock.”  
REV. iii. 20.

- 1 BEHOLD a stranger at the door,  
He gently knocks, has knocked, before,  
Hath waited long—is waiting still;  
You treat no other friend so ill.
- 2 O, lovely attitude! He stands  
With melting heart and bleeding hands!  
Oh, matchless kindness! and he shows  
This matchless kindness to his foes!
- 3 Admit him, ere his anger burn,  
His feet departed, ne'er return;  
Admit him, or the hour's at hand,  
You'll at his door rejected stand.

12

S. M.

“We, being many, are one body in Christ, and every  
one members one of another.” ROMANS xii. 5.

- 1 BLEST be the tie that binds  
Our hearts in Christian love;  
The fellowship of kindred minds  
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne,  
We pour our ardent prayers,  
Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,  
Our comforts and our cares.

- 3 We share our mutual woes,  
 Our mutual burdens bear ;  
 And often, for each other, flows  
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,  
 It gives us inward pain ;  
 But we shall still be joined in heart,  
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 From sorrow, toil and pain,  
 And sin, we shall be free,  
 And perfect love and friendship reign,  
 Through all eternity.

13

H. M.

"In the day of atonement shall ye make the trumpet sound." LEV. xxv. 9.

- 1 Blow ye the trumpet, blow  
 The gladly solemn sound ;  
 Let all the nations know,  
 To earth's remotest bound ;  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.
- 2 Exalt the Lamb of God,  
 The sin-aton<sup>ing</sup> Lamb ;  
 Red<sup>em</sup>p<sup>tion</sup> by his blood  
 Through all the lands proclaim ;  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

3 Ye who have sold for naught  
 The heritage above,  
 Shall have it back unbought,  
 The gift of Jesus' love ;  
 The year of Jubilee is come :  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

4 The gospel trumpet hear,  
 The news of pardoning grace ;  
 Ye happy souls, draw near,  
 Behold your Saviour's face :  
 The year of Jubilee is come ;  
 Return, ye ransomed sinners, home.

14

7s.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway." PHIL. iv. 4.

1 CHILDREN of the heavenly King !  
 As we journey, sweetly sing ;  
 Sing our Saviour's worthy praise,  
 Glorious in his works and ways.

2 Ye are traveling home to God,  
 In the way the fathers trod ;  
 They are happy now, and ye  
 Soon their happiness shall see.

3 Shout, ye little flock, and blest ;  
 Soon you'll enter into rest ;  
 There, your seat is now prepared,—  
 There, your kingdom and reward.

4 Fear not, brethren, joyful stand  
 On the borders of your land ;

Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,  
Bids you undismayed go on.

- 5 Lord, submissive make us go,  
Gladly leaving all below ;  
Only thou our leader be,  
And we still will follow thee.

15 L. M.

"Be perfectly joined together in the same mind."  
1 Cor. i. 10.

- 1 COME, Christian brethren, ere we part,  
Join every voice and every heart,  
One solemn hymn to God we raise,  
One final song of grateful praise.
- 2 Christians, we here may meet no more,  
But there is yet a happier shore ;  
And there, released from toil and pain,  
Dear brethren, we shall meet again.

16 C. M.

"Quicken me, O Lord, for thy name's sake."  
Ps. cxliii. 11.

- 1 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers ;  
Kindle a flame of sacred love  
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 In vain we tune our formal songs,  
In vain we strive to rise ;  
Hosannas languish on our tongues,  
And our devotion dies.

3 Dear Lord, and shall we ever live  
At this poor dying rate?  
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,  
And thine to us so great!

4 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,  
With all thy quickening powers;  
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,  
And that shall kindle ours.

17 C. M.

"Worthy is the Lamb that was slain." REV. v. 12.

1 COME, let us join our cheerful songs,  
With angels round the throne,  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 "Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus;"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever thine.

18 8s and 7s.

"Every good gift and every perfect gift is from  
above, and cometh down from the Father of lights,  
with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of  
turning." JAMES i. 17.

1 COME, thou Fount of every blessing,  
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;

Streams of mercy never ceasing,  
 Call for songs of loudest praise.  
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,  
 Sung by flaming tongues above ;  
 Praise the mount—Oh ! fix me on it,  
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,  
 Hither by thy help I'm come ;  
 And I hope by thy good pleasure,  
 Safely to arrive at home.  
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,  
 Wandering from the fold of God ;  
 He, to rescue me from danger,  
 Interposed with precious blood.

3 Oh ! to grace how great a debtor  
 Daily I'm constrained to be !  
 Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,  
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.  
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it ;  
 Prone to leave the God I love ;  
 Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,  
 Seal it for thy courts above.

19

C. M.

"He shall call upon me, and I WILL answer him."  
 Ps. xci. 15.

1 COME, trembling sinner, in whose breast  
 A thousand thoughts revolve ;  
 Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,  
 And make this last resolve.



- 2 I'll go to Jesus, though my sin  
 Hath like a mountain rose ;  
 I know his courts, I'll enter in,  
 Whatever may oppose.
- 3 Perhaps he will admit my plea.  
 Perhaps will hear my prayer ;  
 But if I perish, I will pray,  
 And perish only there.
- 4 I can but perish if I go ;  
 I am resolved to try ;  
 For if I stay away, I know  
 I must forever die.

20

S. M.

"The Lord will give grace and glory."  
 Ps. lxxxiv. 11.

- 1 COME, we who love the Lord,  
 And let our joys be known ;  
 Join in a song of sweet accord,  
 And thus surround the throne.
- 2 Let those refuse to sing,  
 Who never knew our God ;  
 But children of the heavenly King  
 Should speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The men of grace have found  
 Glory begun below ;  
 Celestial fruits on earthly ground,  
 From faith and hope may grow.

4 The hill of Zion yields  
 A thousand sacred sweets,  
 Before we reach' the heavenly fields  
 Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,  
 And every tear be dry:  
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground  
 To fairer worlds on high.

21

"Is any afflicted among you? Let him pray."

JAMES v. 13.

1 COME, ye disconsolate, wherever ye languish,  
 Come, at the mercy seat fervently kneel;  
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell  
 your anguish;  
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
 heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,  
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,  
 Here speaks the Comforter, in mercy saying,  
 Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot  
 cure.

22

8, 7; 4.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." MATT. xi. 28.

1 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,  
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore;

Jesus ready stands to save you,  
 Full of mercy, love and power.  
 He is able,  
 He is willing: doubt no more.

2 Ho! ye needy, come and welcome,  
 God's free bounty glorify;  
 True belief, and true repentance,  
 Every grace that brings us nigh.  
 Without money,  
 Come to Jesus Christ, and buy.

3 Let not conscience make you linger,  
 Nor of fitness fondly dream!  
 All the fitness he requireth  
 Is to feel your need of him.  
 This he gives you.  
 'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.

4 Come, ye weary, heavy laden,  
 Lost and ruined by the fall,  
 If you tarry till you're better,  
 You will never come at all.  
 Not the righteous—  
 Sinners, Jesus came to call.

5 Lo! the incarnate God, ascended,  
 Pleads the merit of his blood,  
 Venture on him, venture wholly,  
 Let no other trust intrude;  
 None but Jesus  
 Can do helpless sinners good.

23

11s.

"Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God." EPH. iv. 30.

- 1 DELAY not, delay not; O sinner! draw near,  
The waters of life are now flowing for  
thee,  
No price is demanded, the Saviour is here,  
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.
- 2 Delay not, delay not; why longer abuse  
The love and compassion of Jesus, thy  
God?  
A fountain is opened—how canst thou refuse  
To wash and be cleansed in his pardoning  
blood?
- 3 Delay not, delay not; the Spirit of grace,  
Long grieved and resisted, may take its  
sad flight,  
And leave thee in darkness to finish thy  
race,—  
To sink in the gloom of eternity's night.

24

7s.

"He is able to save to the uttermost." HEB. vii. 25.

- 1 DEPTH of mercy, can there be  
Mercy still reserved for me?  
Can my God his wrath forbear?  
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?

- 2 I have long withstood his grace,  
 Long provoked him to his face;  
 Would not hearken to his calls,  
 Grieved him by a thousand falls.
- 3 There for me the Saviour stands,  
 Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands:  
 God is love! I know, I feel,  
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.
- 4 Now incline me to repent!  
 Let me now my fall lament!  
 Now my foul revolt deplore,  
 Weep, believe, and sin no more.

25

L. M.

"He whom thou blessest is blessed."

NUMB. xxii. 6.

- 1 DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord,  
 Help us to feed upon thy word;  
 All that has been amiss, forgive,  
 And let thy truth within us live.
- 2 Though we are guilty, thou art good;  
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood;  
 Give every fettered soul release,  
 And bid us all depart in peace.

26

C. M.

"Not what I will, but what thou wilt."

MARK xiv. 36.

- 1 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss  
 Thy sovereign will denies,

Accepted at thy throne of grace,  
Let this petition rise :—

2 "Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

3 "Let the sweet hope that I am thine,  
My life and death attend;  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end."

27 L. C. M.

"Fear not, little flock." LUKE xii. 32.

*Gustavus Adolphus' Battle Song, A. D., 1631.*

1 FEAR not, O, little flock, the foe  
Who madly seeks your overthrow,  
Dread not his rage and power:  
What though your courage sometimes faints,  
His seeming triumph o'er God's saints  
Lasts but a little hour.

2 Be of good cheer; your cause belongs  
To him who can avenge your wrongs,  
Leave it to him our Lord.  
Though hidden yet from all our eyes,  
He sees the Gideon who shall rise  
To save us, and his word.

3 As true as God's own word is true,  
Nor earth nor hell with all their crew  
Against us shall prevail.

A jest and byword they are grown:  
 God is with us, we are his own,  
 Our victory cannot fail.

- 4 Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer!  
 Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,  
 Fight for us once again.  
 So shall thy saints and martyrs raise  
 A mighty chorus to thy praise,  
 World without end—Amen.

28

S. M.

“And so shall we ever be with the Lord.”  
 1 THESS. iv. 17.

- 1 FOREVER with the Lord!  
 Amen, so let it be;  
 Life from the dead is in that word,  
 'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here in the body pent,  
 Absent from him I roam,  
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent  
 A day's march near r home.
- 3 My Father's house on high,  
 Home of my soul, how near  
 At times to faith's illumined eye  
 Thy golden gates appear!
- 4 My thirsty spirit faints  
 To reach the land I love.  
 The bright inheritance of saints,  
 Jerusalem above.

29

6s &amp; 8s.

“Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him,  
but he shall not return to me.” 2 SAM. xii. 23.

- 1 FRIEND after friend departs ;  
Who has not lost a friend ?  
There is no union here of hearts,  
That finds not here an end :  
Were this frail world our final rest,  
Living or dying none were blest.
- 2 Beyond the flight of time,  
Beyond the reign of death,  
There surely is some blessed clime  
Where life is not a breath ;  
Nor life's affections, transient fire,  
Whose sparks fly upward and expire.
- 3 There is a world above,  
Where parting is unknown ;  
A long eternity of love,  
Formed for the good alone ;  
And faith beholds the dying here,  
Translated to that glorious sphere.
- 4 Thus star by star declines,  
Till all are passed away,  
As morning high and higher shines  
To pure and perfect day ;  
Nor sink those stars in empty night,  
But hide themselves in heaven's own light.



30

L. M.

"Let the people praise thee, O God: let ALL the people praise thee." Ps. lxxvii. 3.

- 1 FROM all that dwell below the skies,  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,  
And truth eternal is thy Word:  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

31

L. M.

"Let us draw near with a true heart." Heb. x. 22.

- 1 FROM every stormy wind that blows,  
From every swelling tide of woes,  
There is a calm, a sure retreat;  
'Tis found before the mercy seat.
- 2 There is a place where Jesus sheds  
The oil of gladness on our heads,  
A place of all on earth most sweet,  
It is the blood-bought mercy seat.
- 3 There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy seat.

4 There, there on eagle wings we soar,  
 And sin and sense molest no more;  
 And heaven comes down our souls to greet,  
 And glory crowns the mercy seat.

32 . . . . . 7s & 8s.

“For thy name’s sake lead me, and guide me.”

Ps. xxxi. 3.

1 GENTLY, Lord, O! gently lead us,  
 Through this lonely vale of tears;  
 Through the changes thou’st decreed us,  
 Till our last great change appears.

When temptation’s darts assail us,  
 When in devious paths we stray,  
 Let thy goodness never fail us,  
 Lead us in thy perfect way.

2 In the hour of pain and anguish,  
 In the hour when death draws near,  
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
 Suffer not our souls to fear.

And when mortal life is ended,  
 Bid us in thine arms to rest,  
 Till by angel bands attended,  
 We awake among the blest.

33 . . . . . S. M.

“Trust ye in the Lord forever.” ISAIAH xxvi. 4.

1 GIVE to the winds thy fears,  
 Hope, and be undismayed;  
 God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears,  
 God shall lift up thy head.

2 Through waves, and clouds, and storms,  
 He gently clears the way ;  
 Wait thou his time ; so shall this night  
 Soon end in joyous day.

3 Still heavy is thy heart ?  
 Still sink thy spirits down ?  
 Cast off the weight, let fear depart,  
 And every care begone.

4 What though thou rulest not ?  
 Yet heaven, and earth, and hell  
 Proclaim God sitteth on the throne,  
 And ruleth all things well.

5 Leave to his sovereign sway,  
 To choose and to command ;  
 So shalt thou, wondering, own his way  
 How wise, how good his hand !

34

L. M.

“Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe.”  
 PROV. xxix. 25.

1 Glory to thee, my God, this night,  
 For all the blessings of the light :  
 Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,  
 Under thine own Almighty wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,  
 The ills that I this day have done :  
 That with the world, myself and thee,  
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 Teach me to live that I may dread  
 The grave as little as my bed ;  
 Teach me to die, that so I may  
 Rise, glorious, at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,  
 And with sweet sleep mine eyelids close :  
 Sleep, that may me more vigorous make  
 To serve my God when I awake.

35

C. M.

"How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways  
 past finding out." ROMANS xi. 33.

- 1 God moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines,  
 With never failing skill,  
 He treasures up his bright designs,  
 And works his gracious will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense.  
 But trust him for his grace :  
 Behind a frowning Providence  
 He hides a smiling face.

- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour :  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain :  
 God is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

36

"God is a refuge for us." Ps. lxii. 8.

AIR—"God save the King."

- 1 GOD of the brave and free,  
 Father of all, to Thee  
 Our voice we raise ;  
 For all thy blessings shown,  
 For deeds of mercy done,  
 Thy guardian care we own ;  
 Accept our praise.
- 2 Now in our deep distress,  
 Oh ! deign our cause to bless,  
 And hear our prayers ;  
 Now, while the din of war,  
 And the loud cannon's roar,  
 Resound from shore to shore,  
 Be ever near.
- 3 Oh ! shield us in the day  
 Of battle's fierce array,  
 Let none despair ;

May all with heart and hand,  
 A firm united band,  
 Resolve to take their stand,  
 Nor danger fear.

4 Protect us with Thy arm,  
 Keep us from every harm,  
 Our cause maintain;  
 May we victorious be,  
 From rude invaders free,  
 Conquerers by land and sea,  
 And peace regain.

5 Then, when our land shall be  
 Restored to liberty,  
 Our God, the Lord;  
 Peace and prosperity,  
 When all our borders see,  
 May we a nation be,  
 Built on Thy word.

37

S. M.

“By grace ye are saved through faith.” EPH- ii. 8.

1 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,  
 Harmonious to the ear;  
 Heaven with the echo shall resound,  
 And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way  
 To save rebellious man,  
 And all the means that grace display,  
 Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace led my wandering feet  
 To tread the heavenly road ;  
 And new supplies each hour I meet  
 While pressing on to God.

4 Grace all the work shall crown  
 Through everlasting days ;  
 It lays in heaven the topmost stone,  
 And well deserves the praise.

38

8, 7, 4.

“Thou shalt guide me with thy counsel, and afterward receive me into glory.” Ps. lxxiii. 24.

1 GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !  
 Pilgrim through this barren land ;  
 I am weak, but thou art mighty,  
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :  
 Bread of heaven !  
 Feed me now and evermore.

2 Open now the crystal fountain,  
 Whence the healing water's flow ;  
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar,  
 Lead me all my journey through :  
 Strong Deliverer,  
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
 Bid my anxious fears subside :  
 Thou of death and hell the conqueror,  
 Land me safe on Canaan's side ;  
 Songs of praises  
 I will ever give to thee.

'We are mere than conquerors, through him that  
loved us.' ROMANS viii. 37.

1 HALLELUJAH! victory, victory!

Lift the conqueror's song on high!

Jesus drives the foe before us,

Lo, the powers of darkness fly;

Hallelujah,

Now our joyful hearts reply.

2 Long and fierce has been the conflict;

Long the issue hung in doubt;

Hell united all its forces;

All were foiled and put to rout:

Hallelujah—

Raise to heaven the rapturous shout.

3 Hallelujah—to the Saviour!

Let the triumph widely spread,

'Twas his precious blood stained banner

Struck the raging foe with dread;

Hallelujah—

Satan saw the cross, and fled.

“Lovest thou me?” JOHN xxi. 16.

1 HARK, my soul! it is the Lord,—

'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;

Jesus speaks, and speaks to thee;

“Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me?”



- 2 "I delivered thee when bound,  
And when wounded healed thy wound ;  
Sought thee wandering, set thee right,  
Turned thy darkness into light.
- 3 "Mine is an unchanging love,  
Higher than the heights above ;  
Deeper than the depths beneath,  
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 4 "Thou shalt see my glory soon,  
When the work of grace is done ;  
Partner of my throne shall be ;  
Say, poor sinner, lovest thou me ?"
- 5 Lord, it is my chief complaint,  
That my love is weak and faint ;  
Yet I love thee and adore ;  
O for grace to love thee more.

## 41 C. M.

"The Lord is my strength, and my shield ; my heart  
trusted in Him, and I am blessed." Ps. xxviii. 7.

- 1 How are thy servants blessed, O Lord,  
How sure is their defence !  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help, Omnipotence.
- 2 In foreign realms, and lands remote,  
Supported by their care ;  
Thro' burning climes they pass unhurt,  
And breathe in tainted air.

3 When by the dreadful tempest borne ;  
 High on the broken wave,  
 They know thou art not slow to hear,  
 Nor impotent to save.

4 The storm is laid—the winds retire,  
 Obedient to thy will ;  
 The sea that roars at thy command,  
 At thy command is still.

42

11s.

“The rock of my strength, and my refuge, is in God.”  
 Ps. lxii. 7.

1 How firm a foundation, ye saints of the  
 Lord,  
 Is laid for your faith in his excellent word ;  
 What more can he say than to you he hath  
 said,  
 You who unto Jesus for refuge have fled :

2 Fear not, I am with thee, O be not dismayed,  
 I, I am thy God, and will still give thee aid ;  
 I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee  
 to stand,  
 Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

3 When through the deep waters I call thee to  
 go,  
 The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow ;  
 For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,  
 And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

- 4 When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,  
 My grace, all sufficient, shall be thy supply ;  
 The flame shall not hurt thee, I only design  
 Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.
- 5 The soul that to Jesus has fled for repose,  
 I will not, I will not desert to his foes ;  
 That soul, though all hell shall endeavor to  
 shake,  
 I'll never,—no, never,—no, never forsake.

43

“Christ in you, the hope of glory.” COL. i. 27.

1 How happy are they  
 Who the Saviour obey,  
 And have laid up their treasure above !  
 O, what tongue can express  
 The sweet comfort and peace  
 Of a soul in its earliest love !

'Twas heaven below  
 My Redeemer to know,  
 And the angels could do nothing more  
 Than to fall at his feet,  
 And the story repeat,  
 And the lover of sinners adore.

3 Then, all the day long,  
 Was my Jesus my song,  
 And redemption through faith in his name

O, that all might believe,  
 And salvation receive,  
 And their song and their joy be the same.

44

C. M.

"A better country, that is, an heavenly." HEB. xi. 16.

- 1 How pleasant thus to dwell below,  
 In fellowship of love;  
 And though we part, 'tis bliss to know  
 The good shall meet above.
- 2 Yes, happy thought! when we are free  
 From earthly grief and pain,  
 In heaven we shall each other see,  
 And never part again.
- 3 Then let us each, in strength divine,  
 Still walk in wisdom's way;  
 That we, with those we love, may join  
 In never ending praise.

CHORUS.

O that will be joyful  
 To meet to part no more,  
 On Canaan's happy shore,  
 And sing the everlasting song,  
 With those who've gone before.

45

C. M.

"Unto you which believe, he is precious."  
 1 PET. ii. 7.

- 1 How sweet the name of Jesus sounds  
 In a believer's ear!

It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,  
And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
And calms the troubled breast ;  
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
And to the weary rest.

3 Weak is the effort of my heart,  
And cold my warmest thought ;  
But when I see thee as thou art,  
I will praise thee as I ought.

## CHORUS.

I do believe, I now believe,  
That Jesus died for me,  
And through his blood, his precious blood,  
I shall from sin be free.

46

7s.

"Having the promise of the life which now is, and  
and of that which is to come." 1. TIM. iv. 8.

1 If 'tis sweet to mingle where  
Christians meet for social prayer ;  
If 'tis sweet with them to raise  
Songs of holy joy and praise,—  
Sweeter far that state must be  
Where they meet eternally.

2 Saviour, may these meetings prove  
Preparations for above ;  
While we worship in this place,

May we go from grace to grace;  
Till we each, in his degree,  
Fit for endless glory be.

47

C. M.

"I will give you rest." MATT. xi. 28.

- 1 I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,  
Come unto me and rest:  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon my breast.  
I came to Jesus as I was,  
Weary, and worn, and sad,  
I found in him a resting place,  
And he has made me glad.
- 2 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
Behold I freely give  
The living water, thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink and live.  
I came to Jesus, and I drank  
Of that life giving stream;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in him.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,  
I am this dark world's light,  
Look unto me, thy morn shall rise  
And all thy day be bright.  
I looked to Jesus, and I found  
In him my Star, my Sun;  
And in that light of life I'll walk,  
Till traveling days are done.

48

L. M.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth." Job. xix. 25.

- 1 I KNOW that my Redeemer lives ;  
What comfort this sweet sentence gives !  
He lives, he lives. who once was dead,  
He lives, my ever living head.
- 2 He lives to bless me with his love,  
He lives to plead for me above,  
He lives my hungry soul to feed,  
He lives to help in time of need.
- 3 He lives to silence all my fears,  
He lives to wipe away my tears,  
He lives to calm my troubled heart,  
He lives, all blessings to impart.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his name !  
He lives, my Jesus, still the same ;  
O the sweet joy this sentence gives,  
I know that my Redeemer lives !

49

"I am a stranger and a sojourner, as all my fathers were." Ps. xxxix. 12.

- 1 I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger ;  
I can tarry but a night ;  
Do not detain me, for I am going  
To where the rivers are ever flowing.
- 2 There the sunbeams are ever shining,  
I am longing for the sight ;

Within a country unknown and dreary,  
I have been wandering, forlorn and weary.

- 3 Of the country to which I am going,  
My Redeemer is the light ;  
There is no sorrow, nor any sighing,  
Nor any sinning, nor any dying.  
I'm a pilgrim, and I'm a stranger,  
I can tarry but a night.

50

S. M.

“Ye were as sheep going astray ; but are now returned unto the Shepherd and Bishop of your souls.”—1 PETER ii. 25.

- 1 I WAS a wandering sheep,  
I did not love the fold ;  
I did not love my Shepherd's voice,  
I would not be controlled ;  
I was a wayward child,  
I did not love my home,  
I did not love my Father's voice,  
I loved afar to roam.

- 2 The Shepherd sought the sheep,  
The Father sought his child ;  
They followed me o'er vale and hill,  
O'er deserts waste and wild ;  
They found me nigh to death,  
Famished, and faint, and lone ;  
They bound me with the bands of love,  
They saved the wandering one.



3 Jesus my Shepherd is,  
 'Twas he that saved my soul,  
 'Twas he that washed me in his blood,  
 'Twas he that made me whole ;  
 'Twas he that sought the lost,  
 That found the wandering sheep,  
 'Twas he that brought me to the fold.  
 'Tis he that still doth keep.

4 No more a wandering sheep,  
 I love to be controlled,  
 I love my tender Shepherd's voice,  
 I love the peaceful fold ;  
 No more a wayward child,  
 I seek no more to roam,  
 I love my heavenly Father's voice,  
 I love, I love his home.

51

11s.

"I would not live alway." Job vii. 16.

1 I WOULD not live alway ; I ask not to stay  
 Where storm after storm rises dark o'er the  
 way,  
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its  
 cheer.

1 I would not live alway, thus fettered by sin,  
 Temptation without, and corruption within ;  
 E'en the rapture of pardon is mingled with  
 fears.  
 And the cup of thanksgiving with penitent  
 tears.

3. I would not live alway; no, welcome the  
tomb;  
Since Jesus hath lain there, I dread not its  
gloom;  
There, sweet be my rest, till he bid me arise,  
To hail him in triumph descending the skies.
- 4 Who, who would live alway, away from his  
God;  
Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode;  
Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the  
bright plains,  
And the noon-tide of glory eternally reigns.
- 5 Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
Their Saviour and brethren transported to  
greet;  
While the anthems of rapture unceasingly  
roll,  
And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the  
soul!

52

C. M.

“An inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that  
fadeth not away.” I PETER i. 4.

- 1 JERUSALEM, my happy home,  
Name ever dear to me,  
When shall my labours have an end,  
In joy, and peace, and thee?
- 2 O when thou city of my God,  
Shall I thy courts ascend;

Where congregations ne'er break up,  
And Sabbaths have no end?

- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,  
Nor sin, nor sorrow know;  
Blest seats! through rude and stormy scenes,  
I onward press to you.
- 4 Why should I shrink at pain and woe,  
Or feel at death dismay?  
I've Canaan's goodly land in view,  
And realms of endless day.
- 5 Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there  
Around my Saviour stand;  
And soon my friends in Christ below  
Will join the glorious band.
- 6 Jerusalem, my happy home!  
My soul still pants for thee;  
Then shall my labours have an end,  
When I thy joy shall see.

53

L. M.

"Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I  
also deny before my Father which is in heaven."

MATT. X. 33.

- 1 JESUS! and can it ever be,  
A mortal man ashamed of thee?  
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,  
Whose glories shine through endless days!
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far  
Let evening blush to own a star;

He sheds the beams of light divine  
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

3 Ashamed of Jesus! that dear friend  
On whom my hopes of heaven depend?  
No; when I blush, be this my shame,  
That I no more revere his name.

4 Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,  
When I've no guilt to wash away,—  
No tear to wipe, no good to crave,  
No fears to hush, no soul to save.

5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—  
Till then I boast a saviour slain!  
And O may this my glory be,  
Jesus is not ashamed of me!

54

L. M.

“One thing is needful.” LUKE x: 42.

1 JESUS, engrave it on my heart,  
That thou the one thing needful art;  
I could from all things parted be,  
But never, never; Lord, from thee.

2 Needful is thy precious blood;  
Needful is thy correcting rod;  
Needful is thy indulgent care;  
Needful thy all prevailing prayer.

3 Needful thy presence, dearest Lord,  
True peace and comfort to afford;  
Needful thy promise to impart  
Fresh life and vigour to my heart.

4 Needful art thou, my Guide, my Stay,  
 Through all life's dark and weary way;  
 Nor less in death thou'lt needful be,  
 To bring my spirit home to thee.

55

C. M.

"I will sing praise unto thy name forever."  
 Ps. lxi. 8.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming name;  
 'Tis music to my ear;  
 Fain would I sound it out so loud  
 That earth and heaven might hear.
- 2 Yes,—thou art precious to my soul,  
 My transport, and my trust;  
 Jewels to thee are gaudy toys,  
 And gold is so'lid dust.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my heart,  
 And shed its fragrance there;  
 The noblest balm of all its wounds,  
 The cordial of its care.
- 4 I'll speak the honors of thy name  
 With my last laboring breath;  
 Then, speechless, clasp thee in my arms,  
 The antidote of death.

56

8s &amp; 7s.

"Whoever doth not bear his cross, and come after  
 me, cannot be my disciple." LUKE xii. 27.

- 1 JESUS, I my cross have taken,  
 All to leave and follow thee;

Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,  
 Thou from hence my all shall be ;  
 Let the world neglect and leave me ;  
 They have left my Saviour too ;  
 Human hopes have oft deceived me ;  
 Thou art faithful, thou art true.

- 2 Perish, earthly fame and treasure,  
 Come disaster, scorn and pain ;  
 In thy service, pain is pleasure ;  
 With thy favor, loss is gain :  
 O 'tis not in grief to harm me,  
 While thy bleeding love I see ;  
 O 'tis not in joy to charm me,  
 When that love is hid from me.

57

7s.

"In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge."  
 Ps. lvii. 1.

- 1 JESUS, lover of my soul !  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the billows near me roll,  
 While the tempest still is high ;  
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide  
 Till the storm of life be past !  
 Safe into the haven guide ;  
 O ! receive my soul at last.
- 2 Other refuge have I none—  
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;  
 Leave, ah ! leave me not alone ;  
 Still support and comfort me ;

All my trust on thee is stayed ;  
 All my help from thee I bring;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

- 3 Plenteous grace with thee is found,  
 Grace to pardon all my sin ;  
 Let the healing streams abound,  
 Make and keep me pure within ;  
 Thou of life the fountain art,  
 Freely let me take of thee ;  
 Spring thou up within my heart,  
 Rise to all eternity.

58

L. M.

“In whom we have boldness and access with confidence by the faith of him.” EPH. iii. 12.

- 1 Jesus, my all, to heaven is gone ;  
 He whom I fix my hopes upon ;  
 His track I see, and I'll pursue  
 The narrow way, till him I view.
- 2 This is the way I long have sought,  
 And mourned because I found it not ;  
 My grief a burden long has been,  
 Because I was not saved from sin.
- 3 The more I strove against its power,  
 I felt its weight and guilt the more ;  
 Till late I heard my Saviour say,  
 “Come hither, soul, I am the way.”

4 Lo! glad I come; and thou blest Lamb  
 Shall take me to thee as I am;  
 Nothing but sin have I to give,  
 Nothing but love shall I receive.

5 Then will I tell to sinners round,  
 What a dear Saviour I have found;  
 I'll point to thy redeeming blood,  
 And say, "Behold the way to God."

59 L. M.

"Whose dominion is an everlasting dominion, and  
 his kingdom is from generation to generation."

DAN. iv. 34.

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
 Does his successive journeys run;  
 His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

2 To him shall endless prayer be made,  
 And endless praises crown his head;  
 His name, like sweet perfume; shall rise  
 With every morning sacrifice.

3 People and realms of every tongue  
 Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
 And infant voices shall proclaim  
 Their early blessings on his name.

4 Let every creature rise and bring  
 Peculiar honors to our King;  
 Angels descend with song again,  
 And earth repeat the loud amen.



60

S. M.

“Pray without ceasing.” 1 THESS. v. 17.

- 1 JESUS, who knows full well  
The heart of every saint,  
Invites us all our griefs to tell,  
To pray and never faint.
- 2 He bows his gracious ear—  
We never plead in vain:  
Then let us wait till he appear,  
And pray and pray again.
- 3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear  
His chosen when they cry;  
Yes, though he may awhile forbear,  
He'll help them from on high.
- 4 Then let us earnest cry,  
And never faint in prayer;  
He loves our importunity,  
And makes our cause his care.

61

C. M.

“Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth.”

Ps. xciv. 4.

- 1 Joy to the world, the Lord is come,  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare Him room,  
And heaven and nature sing.

- 2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns,  
 Let men their songs employ;  
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains  
 Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
 Nor thorns infest the ground:  
 He comes to make his blessings flow,  
 Far as the curse is found.
- 4 He rules the world with truth and grace,  
 And makes the nations prove  
 The glories of his righteousness,  
 And wonders of his love.

62

L. M.

- “Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.” MATT. xi. 28.
- 1 Just as thou art—without one trace  
 Of love, or joy, or inward' grace,  
 Or meetness for the heavenly place,  
 O guilty sinner, come!
- 2 Thy sins I bore on Calvary's tree;  
 The stripes thy due were laid on me,  
 That peace and pardon might be free,—  
 O wretched sinner, come!
- 3 Come, leave thy burden at the cross:  
 Count all thy gains but empty dross;  
 My grace repays all earthly loss,—  
 O needy sinner, come!

- 4 Come, hither, bring thy boding fears,  
 Thy aching heart, thy bursting tears :  
 'Tis mercy's voice salutes thine ears,—  
 O trembling sinner, come !
- 5 "The Spirit and the bride say, come;"  
 Rejoicing saints re-echo, 'Come ;  
 Who faints, who thirsts, who will, may come ;  
 Thy Saviour bids thee come.

63

L. M. . . .

"And him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out" JOHN vi. 37.

- 1 Just as I am, without one plea,  
 But that thy blood was shed for me,  
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,  
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
- 2 Just as I am, and waiting not  
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,  
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,  
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
- 3 Just as I am, though tossed about  
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
 With fears within and wars without,  
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !
- 4 Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,  
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,  
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,  
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,  
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,  
 Because thy promise I believe,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown  
 Hast broken every barrier down;  
 Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,  
 O Lamb of God, I come! I come!

64

C. M.

“Bless the Lord, all his works in all places of his  
 dominion; bless the Lord, O my soul. Ps. ciii. 22.

LET God the Father, and the Son;  
 And Spirit be adored,  
 Where there are works to make Him known,  
 Or saints to love the Lord.

65

8, 7, 4.

“Save thy people and bless thine inheritance; feed  
 them also, and lift them up forever” Ps. xxviii. 9.

1 LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,  
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace;  
 Let us each thy love possessing,  
 Triumph in redeeming grace;  
 O refresh us,  
 Traveling through this wilderness.

2 Thanks we give, and adoration  
 For the gospel's joyful sound;  
 May the fruits of thy salvation

In our hearts and lives abound ;  
 May thy presence  
 With us evermore be found.

- 3 So, whene'er the signal's given,  
 Us from earth to call away ;  
 Borne on angel's wings to heaven,  
 Glad to leave our cumbrous clay,—  
 May we, ready,  
 Rise and reign in endless day.

66. C. M.

"Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee,  
 that it may be displayed because of the truth."

Ps. lx 4.

- 1 Lord, thou hast scourged our guilty land,  
 Behold thy people mourn ;  
 Shall vengeance ever guide thy hand ?  
 Shall mercy ne'er return ?
- 2 Our Zion trembles at the stroke,  
 And dreads thy lifted hand ;  
 O ! heal the people thou hast broke,  
 And save the sinking land.
- 3 Exalt thy banner in the field,  
 For those that fear thy name,  
 From barbarous hosts our nation shield,  
 And put our foes to shame.
- 4 Attend our armies to the fight,  
 And be their guardian God ;

In vain shall numerous powers unite  
 Against thy lifted rod.

- 5 Our troops beneath thy guiding hand,  
 Shall gain a glad renown:  
 'Tis God who makes the feeble stand  
 And treads the mighty down.

67

L. M.

*The Officer's Hymn.\**

"Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of  
 his throne." Ps. xcii. 2.

"Mine eyes shall be upon the faithful of the land,  
 that they may dwell with me: he that walketh in  
 a perfect way, he shall serve me." Ps. ci. 6.

1 MERCY and judgment are my song;  
 And since they both to thee belong,  
 My gracious God, my righteous King,  
 To thee my songs and vows I bring..

2 When I am raised to bear the sword,  
 I'll take my counsel from thy word;  
 Thy justice and thy heavenly grace  
 Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,  
 And let my God with me reside:  
 No wicked thing shall dwell with me,  
 Which may provoke thy jealousy.

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\*When Washington took command, he caused this psalm to be sung during religious service in the presence of the army.

- 4 I'll search the land, and raise the just  
 To posts of honor, wealth, and trust :  
 The men that work thy holy will,  
 Shall be my friends and favorites still.
- 5 In vain shall sinners hope to rise  
 By flattering or malicious lies ;  
 Nor, while the innocent I guard,  
 Shall bold offenders e'er be spared.

68

“We rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.”

ROMANS v. 2.

- 1 My days are gliding swiftly by;  
 And I, a pilgrim stranger,  
 Would not detain them as they fly,  
 Those hours of toil and danger.
- 2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,  
 Our heavenly homes discerning ;  
 Our absent Lord has left us word,  
 Let every lamp be burning.
- 3 Should coming days be cold and dark,  
 We need not cease our singing ;  
 That perfect rest naught can molest,  
 Where golden harps are ringing.
- 4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,  
 Each chord on earth to sever ;  
 Our King says come, and there's our home,  
 Forever, O forever!

## CHORUS.

For O, we stand on Jordan's strand,  
 Our friends are passing over,  
 And just before, the shining shore  
 We may almost discover.

69

L. M.

"I have loved thee with an everlasting love."

JEREMIAH XXXI. 3.

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love!  
 Thy gifts are every evening new;  
 And morning mercies from above,  
 Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spreadst the curtain of the night,  
 Great Guardian of my sleeping hours;  
 Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
 And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,  
 To thee I consecrate my days;  
 Perpetual blessings from thy hand,  
 Demand perpetual songs of praise.

70

L. M.

"Teach me thy way, O Lord; I will walk in thy  
 truth." Ps. lxxxvi. 11.

- 1 My God, permit me not to be  
 A stranger to myself and thee;  
 Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,  
 Forgetful of my highest love.



- 2 Why should my passions mix with earth,  
 And thus debase my heavenly birth?  
 Why should I cleave to things below,  
 And all my purest joys forego?
- 3 Call me away from flesh and sense;  
 Thy grace, O Lord, can draw me thence:  
 I would obey thy voice divine,  
 And all inferior joys resign.

71 S. M.

“Let us not sleep, as do others, but let us watch and  
 be sober.” 1 THESS. v. 6.

- 1 My soul, be on thy guard,  
 Ten thousand foes arise;  
 And hosts of sins are pressing hard,  
 To draw thee from the skies.
- 2 O watch, and fight, and pray,  
 The battle ne'er give o'er;  
 Renew it boldly every day,  
 And help divine implore.
- 3 Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor once at ease sit down;  
 Thine arduous work will not be done,  
 Till thou hast got thy crown.

72 S. M.

“My times are in thy hand.” Ps. xxxi. 15.

- 1 My times are in thy hand;  
 My God, I wish them there;  
 My life, my friends, my soul I leave  
 Entirely to thy care.

2. My times are in thy hand,  
 Whatever they may be;  
 Pleasing, or painful, dark or bright,  
 As best may seem to thee.
- 3 My times are in thy hand:  
 Why should I doubt or fear?  
 My Father's hand will never cause  
 His child a needless tear.
- 4 My times are in thy hand,  
 Jesus, My Advocate;  
 Nor shall thy hand be stretched in vain,  
 For me to supplicate.
- 5 My times are in thy hand;  
 I'll always trust in thee;  
 And after death, at thy right hand  
 I shall forever be.

"That I may win Christ." PHIL. iii. 8.

- 1 NEARER, my God, to thee—  
 Nearer to thee!  
 E'en though it be a cross  
 That raiseth me.  
 Still all my song shall be,  
 Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee!

- 2 Though like a wanderer,  
    The sun goes down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
    My rest a stone,  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
    Nearer to thee!
- 3 There let my way appear  
    Steps unto heaven;  
All that thou sendest me  
    In mercy given;  
Angels to beckon me,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
    Nearer to thee!
- 4 Then with my waking thoughts  
    Bright with thy praise,  
Out of my stony griefs,  
    Bethel I'll raise;  
So by my woes to be  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
    Nearer to thee!
- 5 And when on joyful wing,  
    Cleaving the sky,  
Sun, moon and stars forgot,  
    Upward I fly;  
Still all my songs shall be,  
Nearer, my God, to thee,  
    Nearer to thee!

74

7, 6.

"This gospel of the kingdom shall be preached in all the world." MATT. xxiv. 14.

- 1 Now be the gospel banner  
In every land unfurled;  
And be the shout Hosanna,  
Re-echoed through the world;  
Till every isle and nation,  
Till every tribe and tongue,  
Receive the great salvation,  
And join the happy throng.
- 2 What though the embattled legions  
Of earth and hell combine?  
His arm throughout their regions  
Shall soon resplendent shine:  
Ride on, O Lord, victorious!  
Immanuel, Prince of Peace!  
Thy triumph shall be glorious,  
Thine empire still increase.
- 3 Yes, thou shalt reign forever,  
O Jesus, King of kings!  
Thy light, thy love, thy favour,  
Each ransomed captive sings:  
The isles for thee are waiting,  
The deserts learn thy praise,  
The hills and valleys greeting,  
The song responsive raise.

75

S. M.

“Behold, now is the accepted time ; behold, now is the day of salvation.” 1 Cor. vi. 2.

1 Now is the accepted time,  
Now is the day of grace ;  
Now, sinners, come without delay,  
And seek the Saviour’s face.

2 Now is the accepted time,  
The Saviour calls to day ;  
To-morrow it may be too late,—  
Then, why should you delay ?

3 Now is the accepted time,  
The Gospel bids you come ;  
And every promise in his word  
Declares there yet is room.

4 Lord, draw reluctant souls,  
And feast them with thy love ;  
Then will the angels swiftly fly,  
And hear the news above.

76

L. M.

“We will rejoice in thy salvation, and in the name of our God we will set up our banners. Ps. xx. 5.

1 Now may the God of power and grace  
Attend his people’s humble cry !  
Jehovah hears when Israel prays,  
And brings deliverance from on high.

- 2 The name of Jacob's God defends,  
 When bucklers fail and brazen walls:  
 He from his sanctuary sends  
 Succor and strength when Zion calls.
- 3 Well he remembers all our sighs,  
 His love exceeds our best deserts;  
 His love accepts the sacrifice  
 Of humble groans and broken hearts.
- 4 In his salvation is our hope,  
 And in the name of Israel's God  
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,  
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.
- 5 Some trust in horses trained for war,  
 And some of chariots make their boasts;  
 Our surest expectations are  
 From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

77

L. C. M.

“Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing.” REVELATIONS v. 12.

- 1 O! COULD I speak the matchless worth,  
 O! could I sound the glories forth,  
 Which in my Saviour shine,  
 I'd soar and touch the heavenly strings,  
 And vie with Gabriel, while he sings,  
 In notes almost divine.

- 2 I'd sing the precious blood He spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine :
- I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.
- 3 I'd sing the characters He bears,  
And all the forms of love He wears,  
Exalted on his throne ;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would to everlasting days  
Make all his glories known.
- 4 Soon the delightful day will come,  
When my dear Lord will call me home,  
And I shall see his face :  
Then, with my Saviour, Brother, Friend  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

78 C. M.

"Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation." Ps. ii. 12.

- 1 O FOR a closer walk with God,  
A calm and heavenly frame.  
A light to shine upon the road  
That leads me to the Lamb.
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,  
When first I saw the Lord ?  
Where is the soul refreshing view  
Of Jesus and his word ?

3 Return, O holy Dove, return,  
 Sweet messenger of rest ;  
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,  
 And drove thee from my breast.

4 The dearest idol I have known,  
 Whate'er that idol be,  
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,  
 And worship only thee.

5 So shall my walk be close with God,  
 Calm and serene my frame ;  
 So purer light shall mark the road  
 That leads me to the Lamb.

79

C. M.

“Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a  
 right spirit within me.” PSALM, li. 10.

1 O! for a heart to praise my God,  
 A heart from sin set free ;  
 A heart that always feels thy blood,  
 So freely shed for me :

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,  
 My great Redeemer's throne ;  
 Where only Christ is heard to speak ;  
 Where Jesus reigns alone :

3 A heart in every thought renewed,  
 And full of love divine ;  
 Holy, and right, and pure, and good,  
 A copy, Lord, of thine.



80

S. M.

“Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his!” NUMBERS xxiii. 10.

- 1 Oh! for the death of those,  
Who slumber in the Lord!  
Oh! be, like theirs, my last repose,  
Like theirs, my last reward!
- 2 Their bodies in the ground  
In silent hope may lie;  
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound  
Shall call them to the sky.
- 3 Their ransomed spirits soar,  
On wings of faith and love,  
To meet the Saviour they adore,  
And reign with Him above.
- 4 With us their names shall live  
Through long succeeding years,  
Embalmed with all our hearts can give,  
Our praises and our tears.
- 5 Oh! for the death of those,  
Who slumber in the Lord!  
Oh! be, like theirs, my last repose,  
Like theirs, my last reward!

81

8, 7.

“A friend that sticketh closer than a brother.”  
PROV. xviii. 24.

- 1 ONE there is above all others,  
Well deserves the name of Friend;

- His is love beyond a brother's,  
 Costly, free, and knows no end.
- 2 Which of all our friends, to save us,  
 Could or would have shed his blood?  
 But this Saviour died to have us  
 Reconciled, in him, to God.
3. When he lived on earth abased,  
 Friend of sinners was his name;  
 Now, above all glory raised,  
 He rejoices in the same.
- 4 O for grace our hearts to soften!  
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;  
 We, alas! forget too often  
 What a friend we have above.

82

S. M.

“Keep yourselves in the love of God, looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life.”

JUDE 21.

- 1 O WHERE shall rest be found,  
 Rest for the weary soul;  
 'Twere vain the ocean's depths to sound,  
 Or pierce to either pole.
- 2 The world can never give  
 The bliss for which we sigh;  
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,  
 Nor all of death to die.

3 Beyond this vale of tears  
 There is a life above,  
 Unmeasured by the flight of years;  
 And all that life is love.

4 There is a death, whose pang  
 Outlasts the fleeting breath:  
 O, what eternal horrors hang  
 Around the second death.

5 Lord God of truth and grace,  
 Teach us that death to shun,  
 Lest we be driven from thy face,  
 For evermore undone,

83

L. M.

"The Father, the Word, and the Holy Ghost, and  
 these three are one." 1 JOHN v. 7.

PRAISE God from whom all blessing flow;  
 Praise him, all creatures here below;  
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

84

C. M.

"The effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man  
 availeth much."—JAMES v. 16.

1 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,  
 Unuttered or expressed,  
 The motion of a hidden fire,  
 That trembles in the breast.

- 2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,  
The falling of a tear,  
The upward glancing of an eye,  
When none but God is near.
- 3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech -  
That infant lips can try ;  
Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach:  
The majesty on high.
- 4 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,  
The Christian's native air,  
His watchword at the gates of death ;  
He enters heaven with prayer.

85

C. M.

"Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners."  
1 TIM. i. 15.

- 1 PLUNGED in a gulf of dark despair,  
We wretched sinners lay,  
Without one cheerful beam of hope,  
Or spark of glimmering day.
- 2 With pitying eyes the Prince of grace  
Beheld our helpless grief ;  
He saw, and O, amazing love !  
He ran to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above  
With joyful haste he fled,  
Entered the grave in mortal flesh,  
And dwelt among the dead.

4 O, for this love, let rocks and hills  
 Their lasting silence break,  
 And all harmonious human tongues  
 The Saviour's praises speak.

86

Ss.

' Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his  
 saints. Ps. cxvi. 15:

1 REJOICE for a brother deceased,  
 Our loss is his infinite gain;  
 A soul out of prison released,  
 And freed from its bodily chain;  
 With songs let us follow his flight,  
 And mount with his spirit above;  
 Escaped to the mansions of light,  
 And lodged in the Eden of love.

2 There all the ship's company meet,  
 Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath,  
 With shouting, each other they greet,  
 And triumph o'er sorrow and death:  
 The voyage of life's at an end,  
 The mortal affliction is past:  
 The age that in heaven they spend,  
 For ever and ever shall last.

87

C. M.

"What shall it profit a man, if he gain the whole  
 world, and lose his own soul?" MARK viii. 36.

1 RELIGION is the chief concern  
 Of mortals here below;

- May I its great importance learn,  
Its sovereign virtue know.
- 2 Religion should our thoughts engage  
Amidst our youthful bloom ;  
'Twill fit us for declining age,  
Or for an early tomb.
- 3 O, may my heart, by grace renewed,  
Be my Redeemer's throne ;  
And be my stubborn will subdued,  
His government to own.
- 4 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,  
Be joined with godly fear ;  
And all my conversation prove  
My heart to be sincere.

88

7s.

"Thou shalt smite the rock, and there shall come water out of it, that the people may drink." Ex. xvii. 6.

"And that rock was Christ." 1 COR. x. 4.

- 1 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in thee ;  
Let the water and the blood,  
From thy side, a healing flood,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears forever flow,  
Should my zeal no languor know,  
These for sin could not atone ;

Thou must save, and thou alone ;  
 In my hand no price I bring ;  
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,  
 When mine eyelids close in death,  
 When I rise to worlds unknown,  
 And behold thee on thy throne,—  
 Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
 Let me hide myself in thee.

89

7s.

“Ye shall keep my sabbaths, and reverence my  
 sanctuary.” LEV. xxvi. 2.

- 1 SAFELY through another week  
 God has brought us on our way ;  
 Let us now a blessing seek,  
 Waiting in his courts to-day ;  
 Day of all the week the best,  
 Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 While we seek supplies of grace,  
 Through the dear Redeemer's name ;  
 Show thy reconciling face,  
 Take away our sin and shame ;  
 From our worldly cares set free,  
 May we rest this day in thee.
- 3 May the gospel's joyful sound  
 Conquer sinners, comfort saints,  
 Make the fruits of grace abound,  
 Bring relief from all complaints :  
 Thus let all our Sabbaths prove,  
 Till we join the church above.

90

C. M.

“I will joy in the God of my Salvation.” HAB. iii. 18.

1 SALVATION! oh, the joyful sound,  
Glad tidings to our ears;  
A sovereign balm for every wound,  
A cordial for our fears.

2 Salvation! buried once in sin,  
At hell's dark door we lay;  
But now we rise by grace divine,  
And see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly  
The spacious earth around;  
While all the armies of the sky  
Conspire to raise the sound.

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,  
To thee the praise belongs:  
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,  
And dwell upon our tongues.

CHORUS.

GLORY, honour, praise, and power,  
Be unto the Lamb forever!  
Jesus Christ is our Redeemer!  
Hallelujah, praise the Lord!

91

8, 7.

“O Lord, revive thy work.” HAB. iii. 2.

1 SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation;  
Grant us, Lord, a gracious rain:



All will come to desolation,  
Unless thou return again.

- 2 Keep no longer at a distance ;—  
Shine upon us from on high,  
Lest, for want of thine assistance,  
Every plant should droop and die.
- 3 Let our mutual love be fervent,  
Make us prevalent in prayers ;  
Let each one, esteemed thy servant,  
Shun the world's enticing snares.
- 4 Break the tempter's fatal power ;  
Turn the stony heart to flesh ;  
And begin, from this good hour,  
To revive thy work afresh.  
Lord, revive us ;  
All our help must come from Thee.

92

L: M.

"I acknowledge my transgressions ; and my sin is  
ever before me." Ps. li. 3.

- 1 Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive :  
Let a repenting rebel live ;  
Are not thy mercies large and free ?  
May not a sinner trust in thee ?
- 2 O, wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean !  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.

- 3 My lips with shame my sins confess,  
 Against thy law, against thy grace ;  
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
 I am condemned, but thou art clear.
- 4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,  
 Would light on some sweet promise there,  
 Some sure support against despair.

93

7s.

“Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways ; for why will  
 ye die ?” EZEK. xxxiii. 11.

- 1 SINNERS, turn, why will ye die ?  
 God, your Maker, asks you why :  
 God, who did your being give,  
 Made you with himself to live,  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of his own hands :  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will ye cross his love, and die ?
- 2 Sinners, turn, why will ye die ?  
 God, your Saviour, asks you why ;  
 He, who did your souls retrieve,  
 Died himself that ye might live,  
 Will you let him die in vain ?  
 Crucify your Lord again ?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
 Will ye slight his grace and die ?

- 3 Sinners, turn, why will ye die?  
 God, the Spirit, asks you why?  
 He who all your lives hath strove,  
 Wooed you to embrace his love,  
 Will ye not his grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 O, ye dying sinners, why,  
 Why will ye forever die?

94

L. M.

“ Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. MATT. v. 16.

- 1 So let our lips and lives express  
 The holy gospel we profess;  
 So let our works and virtues shine,  
 To prove the doctrine all divine.
- 2 Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
 The honours of our Saviour God,  
 When his salvation reigns within,  
 And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3 Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
 Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
 While justice, temperance, truth and love,  
 Our inward piety approve.
- 4 Religion bears our spirits up.  
 While we expect that blessed hope,  
 The bright appearance of the Lord,  
 And faith stands leaning on his word.

95

S. M.

“Take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all, to stand:” EPH. vi. 13.

- 1 SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which God supplies,  
Through his eternal Son;
- 2 Strong in the Lord of Hosts,  
And in his mighty power,  
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts  
Is more than conqueror.
- 3 Stand then in his great might,  
With all his strength endued;  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of God;
- 4 That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may o’ercome through Christ alone,  
And stand complete at last.

96

L. M.

“We rejoice in the hope of the glory of God.”  
ROMANS v. 2.

- 1 STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears,  
And gird the Gospel armour on;  
March to the gates of endless joy,  
Where Jesus, thy great Captain’s gone.

- 2 Hell and thy sins resist thy course ;  
 But hell and sin are vanquished foes ;  
 Thy Saviour nailed them to the cross,  
 And sung the triumph when he rose.
- 3 Then let my soul march boldly on,  
 Press forward to the heavenly gate ;  
 There peace and joy eternal reign,  
 And glittering robes for conquerors wait.
- 4 There shall I wear a starry crown,  
 And triumph in Almighty grace,  
 While all the armies of the skies  
 Join in my glorious Leader's praise.

97

L. M.

"It is good to give thanks unto the Lord."

Ps. xcii. 1.

- 1 SWEET is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
 To show thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all thy truth at night.
- 2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest ;  
 No mortal care shall seize my breast ;  
 O ! may my heart in tune be found,  
 Like David's harp of solemn sound !
- 3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
 And bless his works and bless his word ;  
 Thy works of grace how bright they shine !  
 How deep thy counsels ! how divine !

- 4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high ;  
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die :  
 Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
 Blast them in everlasting death.
- 5 But I shall share a glorious part,  
 When grace hath well refined my heart,  
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
 Like holy oil to cheer my head.
- 6 Sin (my worst enemy before)  
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more ;  
 My inward foes shall all be slain,  
 Nor Satán break my peace again.
- 7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
 All I desired or wished below ;  
 And every power find sweet employ,  
 In that eternal world of joy.

98

8s &amp; 7s.

“The life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself for me.” GAL. ii. 20.

- 1 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
 Which before the cross I spend,  
 Life, and health, and peace possessing,  
 From the sinner's dying friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing  
 Mercy stream in streams of blood ;  
 Precious drops, my soul bedewing,  
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

- 3 Truly blessed is this station,  
 Low before his cross to lie;  
 While I see divine compassion  
 Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,  
 While upon the cross I gaze;  
 Love I much? I'm much forgiven,  
 I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,  
 With my tears, his feet I bathe;  
 Constant still in faith abiding,  
 Life deriving from his death.

99

C. M.

. PSALM xxiii.

- 1 THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want,  
 He makes me down to lie  
 In pastures green: he leadeth me  
 The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul he doth restore again;  
 And me to walk doth make  
 Within the paths of righteousness,  
 Even for his own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,  
 Yet will I fear none ill;  
 For thou art with me, and thy rod  
 And staff me comfort still.

4 My table thou hast furnished  
 In presence of my foes ;  
 My head thou dost with oil anoint,  
 And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life  
 Shall surely follow me ;  
 And in God's house forevermore  
 My dwelling place shall be.

100

C. M.

" Being justified by his blood, we shall be saved from  
 wrath through him." ROMANS v. 9.

1 THERE is a fountain, filled with blood,  
 Drawn from Immanuel's veins,  
 And sinners plunged beneath that flood  
 Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see  
 That fountain in his day ;  
 And there may I, tho' vile as he,  
 Wash all my sins away.

3 Dear dying Lamb, thy precious blood  
 Shall never lose its power,  
 Till all the ransomed church of God  
 Be saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream  
 Thy flowing wounds supply,  
 Redeeming love has been my theme,  
 And shall be till I die.



- 5 Then, in a nobler, sweeter song,  
 I'll sing thy power to save ;  
 When this poor lisping, stammering tongue  
 Lies silent in the grave.

## 101

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away." REV. xxii. 4.

- 1 THERE is a happy land,  
 Far, far away,  
 Where saints in glory stand,  
 Bright, bright as day ;  
 O, how they sweetly sing,  
 Worthy is our Saviour King ;  
 Loud let his praises ring,—  
 Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to this happy land,  
 Come, come away ;  
 Why will ye doubting stand—  
 Why still delay ?  
 O, we shall happy be,  
 When from sin and sorrow free,  
 Lord, we shall live with thee !  
 Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land  
 Beams every eye,—  
 Kept by a Father's hand,  
 Love cannot die.

On, then, to glory! on!  
 Be a crown and kingdom won;  
 And bright above the sun,  
 We reign for aye.

102

C. M.

“At thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.”

Ps. xvi. 11.

- 1 THERE is a land of pure delight,  
 Where saints immortal reign;  
 Eternal day excludes the night,  
 And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,  
 And never-fading flowers;  
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides  
 This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Bright fields, beyond the swelling flood,  
 Stand dressed in living green;  
 So to the Jews fair Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan rolled between.
- 4 But timorous mortals start, and shrink  
 To cross the narrow sea;  
 And linger, trembling, on the brink,  
 And fear to launch away.
- 5 O, could we make our doubts remove  
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,  
 And see the Canaan that we love,  
 With faith's illumined eyes;

- 6 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the landscape o'er ;  
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood  
 Should fright us from the shore.

103

L. M.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of  
 God." HEB. iv. 9.

- 1 THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,  
 But there's a nobler rest above ;  
 To that our longing souls aspire,  
 With ardent love and strong desire.

- 2 In thy blest kingdom we shall be  
 From every mortal trouble free ;  
 No groans shall mingle with the songs,  
 Which warble from immortal tongues.

- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,  
 No cares to break the long repose,  
 No midnight shade, no clouded sun,  
 But sacred, high, eternal noon.

- 4 O long expected day begin ;  
 Dawn on this world of wo and sin :  
 Fain would we leave this weary road,  
 And sleep in death, and rest in God.

104

C. M.

"This is the day the Lord hath made, we will rejoice  
 and be glad in it." Ps. cxviii. 24.

- 1 THIS is the day the Lord hath made ;  
 He calls the hours his own ;

Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day He rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell ;

To-day the saints his triumph spread,  
And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son ;  
Help us, O Lord, descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.

4 Blest is the Lord who comes to men  
With messages of grace ;  
Who comes in God his Father's name,  
To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise ;  
The highest heavens, in which He reigns,  
Shall give Him nobler praise.

105

C. M.

.PSALM XXXIV.

1 THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,  
In trouble and in joy,  
The praises of my God shall still  
My heart and tongue employ.

2 Of his deliverance I will boast  
Till all who are distress,  
From my example, comfort take,  
And charm their griefs to rest.

- 3 O, make but trial of his love,  
 Experience will decide,  
 How blest are they, and only they,  
 Who in his truth confide.
- 4 Fear him, ye saints, and you will then  
 Have nothing else to fear:  
 Come, make his service your delight,  
 He'll make your wants his care.

106

7s.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation; but be of  
 good cheer; I have overcome the world."

JOHN xvi. 33.

- 1 'Tis my happiness below  
 Not to live without the cross;  
 But the Saviour's power to know,  
 Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall;  
 But with humble faith to see  
 Love inscribed upon them all,  
 This is happiness to me.
- 3 Did I meet no trials here,  
 No chastisement by the way,  
 Might I not with reason fear  
 I should be a cast-away?
- 4 Trials make the promise sweet;  
 Trials give new life to prayer;  
 Bring me to my Saviour's feet,  
 Lay me low, and keep me there

107

7s.

“He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? And the watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night.” ISAIAH xxi. 11, 12.

1 WATCHMAN, tell us of the night,

What its signs of promise are.

“Traveller, o’er yon mountain’s height,  
See that glory beaming star!”

Watchman, does its beauteous ray

Aught of hope or joy foretell?

“Traveller, yes: it brings the day,  
Promised day of Israel.”

2 Watchman, tell us of the night;

Higher yet that star ascends:

“Traveller, blessedness and light,  
Peace and truth its course portends.”

Watchman, will its beams alone

Gild the spot that gave them birth?

“Traveller, ages are its own;  
See! it bursts o’er all the earth.”

3 Watchman, tell us of the night,

For the morning seems to dawn.

“Traveller, darkness takes its flight,  
Doubt and terror are withdrawn.”

Watchman, let thy wanderings cease;

Hie thee to thy quiet home.

“Traveller, lo! the Prince of Peace,  
Lo! the Son of God is come.”

108

8, 7, 4.

“My son, give me thine heart.” Prov. xxiii. 26.

1 WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer,  
Welcome to this heart of mine:  
Lord, I make a full surrender,  
Every power and thought be thine ;  
Thine entirely,  
Through eternal ages thine.

2 Known to all to be thy mansion,  
Earth and hell will disappear ;  
Or in vain attempt possession,  
When they find the Lord is near :  
Shout, O Zion !  
Shout, ye saints, the Lord is here !

109

L. M.

“The Lord is the portion of my inheritance.”  
Ps. xvi. 5.

- 1 WHAT sinners value I resign ;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine ;  
I shall behold thy blissful face,  
And stand complete in righteousness.
- 2 This life's a dream, an empty show ;  
But the bright world to which I go  
Hath joys substantial and sincere ;  
When shall I wake and find me there ?
- 3 O glorious hour ! O blest abode !  
I shall be near and like my God !  
And flesh and sin no more control  
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

110

C. M.

“The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ  
our Lord.” ROMANS vi. 23.

- 1 WHEN I can read my title clear  
To mansions in the skies,  
I'll bid farewell to every fear  
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage  
And fiery darts be hurled,  
Then I can smile at Satan's rage  
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
And storms of sorrow fall ;  
May I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

111

L. M.

“God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of  
our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is cruci-  
fied unto me, and I unto the world.” GAL. vi. 14.

- 1 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross  
On which the Prince of Glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,  
 Save in the cross of Christ my God :  
 All the vain things that charm me most,  
 I sacrifice them to thy blood. .

3 See ! from his head, his hands, his feet,  
 Sorrow and love flow mingled down :  
 Did e'er such love and sorrow meet ?  
 Or thorns compose so rich a crown ?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
 That were a tribute far too small ;  
 Love so amazing, so divine,  
 Demands my life, my soul, my all.

112

L. M.

“ When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.” MATT. i. 10.

1 WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,  
 The glittering host bestud the sky,  
 One star alone, of all the train,  
 Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

2 Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,  
 From every host, from every gem ;  
 But one alone, the Saviour, speaks :  
 It is the Star of Bethlehem.

3 Once on the raging seas I rode :  
 The storm was loud, the night was dark ;  
 The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
 The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

- 4 Deep horror then my vitals froze ;  
 Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
 When suddenly a star arose !  
 It was the Star of Bethlehem.
- 5 It was my guide, my light, my all ;  
 It bade my dark forebodings cease ;  
 And through the storm, and danger's thrall,  
 It led me to the port of peace.
- 6 Now, safely moored, my perils o'er,  
 I'll sing, first in night's diadem,  
 For ever and for evermore,  
 The Star—the Star of Bethlehem !

## 113

“The things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal.”

2 COR. iv. 18.

- 1 WHEN shall we meet again,  
 Meet ne'er to sever ?  
 When will peace wreath her chain  
 Round us forever ?  
 Our hearts will ne'er repose,  
 Safe from each blast that blows,  
 In this dark vale of woes,  
 Never, no, never.
- 2 When shall love freely flow,  
 Pure as life's river ?  
 When shall sweet friendship glow  
 Changeless forever ?

Where joys celestial thrill,  
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,  
 And fears of parting chill,  
 Never, no, never.

- 3 Up to that world of light,  
 Take us, dear Saviour,  
 May we all there unite,  
 Happy forever.  
 Where kindred spirits dwell,  
 There may our music swell,  
 And time our joys dispel,  
 Never, no, never.

114

7s.—6 line.

“How much owest thou?” Luke xvi. 5, 7.

- 1 WHEN this passing world is done,  
 When has sunk yon glaring sun,  
 When we stand with Christ in glory,  
 Looking o'er life's finished story,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
 Not till then—how much I owe.
- 2 When I hear the wicked call  
 On the rocks and hills to fall;  
 When I see them start and shrink  
 On the fiery deluge brink,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
 Not till then—how much I owe.

3 When I stand before the throne,  
 Dressed in beauty not my own,  
 When I see Thee as thou art,  
 Love thee with unsinning heart,  
 Then, Lord, shall I fully know—  
 Not till then—how much I owe.

4 Chosen not for good in me,  
 Wakened up from wrath to flee,  
 Hidden in the Saviour's side,  
 By the Spirit sanctified ;  
 Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,  
 By my love, how much I owe.

5 Oft I walk beneath the cloud,  
 Dark as midnight's gloomy shroud ;  
 But when fear is at the height,  
 Jesus comes and all is light,  
 Blessed Jesus ! bid me show  
 Doubting saints how much I owe.

115

12s.

“ Help me, O Lord my God : O save me according to  
 thy mercy.” Ps. cix. 26.

1 WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest  
 is streaming,  
 When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is  
 gleaming,  
 Nor hope lends a ray, the poor seaman to  
 cherish,  
 We fly to our maker : help, Lord, or we perish !

2 O, Jesus, once tossed on the breast of the  
 billow,  
 Aroused by the shriek of despair from thy  
 pillow,  
 Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
 Who cries in his danger, "Help, Lord, or we  
 perish!"

3 And, oh! when the whirlwind of passion is  
 raging,  
 When hell in our hearts its wild warfare is  
 waging,  
 Arise in thy strength, thy redeemed to cherish!  
 Rebuke the destroyer—help, Lord, or we  
 perish!

116

L. M.

"Shall thy loving kindness be declared in the grave?"  
 Ps, lxxxviii. 11.

1 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,  
 Mercy is found, and peace is given;  
 But soon, ah! soon, approaching night,  
 Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

2 Soon, born on time's most rapid wing,  
 Shall death command you to the grave,  
 Before his bar your spirits bring,  
 And none be found to hear or save.

- 3 In that lone land of deep despair  
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise,  
 No God regard your bitter prayer,  
 No Saviour call-you to the skies.
- 4 While God invites, how blest the day!  
 How sweet the gospel's charming sound!  
 Come sinners, haste, O, haste away,  
 While yet a pardoning God is found.

117

C. M.

"My soul, wait thou only upon God; for my expectation is from him." Ps. lxii. 5.

1 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,  
 Be my vain wishes stilled;  
 And may this consecrated hour  
 With better hopes be filled.

2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed,  
 To thee my thoughts would soar;  
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed,  
 That mercy I adore.

3 In each event of life, how clear  
 Thy ruling hand I see;  
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,  
 Because conferred by thee.

4 In every joy that crowns my days,  
 In every pain I bear,  
 My heart shall find delight in praise,  
 Or seek relief in prayer.

- 5 When gladness wings my favoured hour,  
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;  
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,  
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,  
 The gathering storm shall see ;  
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear :  
 That heart will rest on thee.

118.

“ They shall speak of the glory of thy kingdom, and  
 talk of thy power.” Ps. cxlv. 11.

- 1 YE servants of God,  
 Your master proclaim,  
 And publish abroad  
 His wonderful name :  
 The name all victorious  
 Of Jesus extol ;  
 His kingdom is glorious,  
 And rules over all.
- 2 God ruleth on high,  
 Almighty to save ;  
 And still he is high ;  
 His presence we have :  
 The great congregation  
 His triumph shall sing,  
 Ascribing salvation  
 To Jesus our King.

3 Then let us adore  
And give him his right;  
All glory and power,  
And wisdom and might;  
All honour and blessing  
With angels above,  
And thanks never ceasing,  
And infinite love.



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“The Lord bless thee, and keep thee; The Lord  
make his face shine upon thee, and be gracious unto  
thee:

The Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and  
give thee peace.” NUMBERS vi. 24, 25, 26.



